

Epilogue to the MINOR,
OR A
Methodist Sermon,
WRITTEN BY
Samuel Foot, Esq.

NEAR the Mad-Mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl,
Friends, Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Sons and all,
Shut up your Shops and listen to my call;
With Labour, Toil, all second means dispence,
And live a Rent charge upon Providence;
Prick up your Ears, a Story now I'll tell,
Which once a Widow, and her Child befell,
I knew the Mother, and her Daughter well;
Poor 'tis true, they were, but never wanted,
For whatso'ere they ask'd, was always granted
One fatal Day, the Matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted Meat and Drink, and fairly cry'd,
(Child) Mother you Cry!
(Mother) I have got no Bread,
(Child) What matters that? truly Providence arn't Dead!
With Reason good, this Truth the Child might say,
For there came in at Noon, that very Day,
Bread, Greens Potatoes, and a Leg of Mutton,
A better sure a Table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with these poor Souls,
But we ne'er had a Rasher for the Coals;
And d'ye deserve it? how d'ye spend your Days!
In Pastimes! Prodigality! and Plays!
Let's go see FOOT? ah! Foot's a precious Limb!
Old Nick will soon a Football make of him:
For foremost Rows in Side-boxes you Shove,
Think you to meet with Side-boxes above?
Where giggling Girls, and powder'd Fops may sit
No, you will all be Cramm'd into the Pit,
And Croud the House for Satan's Benefit;
Oh! what you Snivel,—well, do so no more,
Drop, to attone, your Money at the Door,
And, if I please,—I'll give it to the Poor.

Price Three-Half-pence.

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